THE

World Turn'd Upſide-Down

I Am a poor unhappy man,
Troubl'd with worldly care;
I grieve to hear the world complain,
And children ſhed a tear.
Proviſions grow ſo dear,
In country and in town,
The poor man ſcarce can get bread or beer
O the World's turn'd Upſide-Down.

The gentleman in former age,
They did relieve the poor;
They kept a noble equipage,
And a porter at the door.
But the gentlemen in the preſent age,
In every country town,
At the poor's complaint fly in a rage,
O the World's turn'd Upſide-Down.

The farmers grand to market ride,
And to a tavern goes,
Go fetch a pint of wine they cry,
And pipes to warm our noſe.
There's two or three together ſet,
And liquor paſſes round;
And on the price of corn they chat,
O the World's turn'd Upſide-Down.

One cry'd, My corn I've under ſold,
Altho' it was not ſound;
It would have fetch'd a guinea I'm told,
I ſold it for a pound.
Another cries, I'll not ſell yet,
And mine is very ſound,
It will be thirty I expect,
O the World's turn'd Upſide-Down.

There is many a little farmer,
That very great is grown,
Not long ſince he had no grain,
Nor nothing of his own.
He'll not look back from whence he came
Tho' brought up by the town,
Theſe are golden days to him,
O the World's turn'd Upſide-Down.

If a poor man to the market goes
To buy a buſhel of wheat,
Money and hat muſt be in hand,
Submiſſion to the great,
The Farmer cries I've none to ſpare,
Unleſs you've brought a crown;
For it will be more, I do declare,
O the World's turn'd Upſide-Down.

But for poor men theſe times are hard,
I ſolemnly declare;
They muſt work very hard, and eat dry bre
For meat is very dear.
Butter is at ten-pence a pint,
And cheeſe four-pence a pound;
And meat ſo dear they cannot buy,
O the World's turn'd Upſide-Down.

The factors and millers do boaſt,
Each other to outvie.
And he that cheats the moſt
Doth gain the victory.
Belzebub, grand Prince of Hell,
To whom theſe flaves are bound,
He'll call them home and ſcourge their
O the World's turn'd Upſide-Down.